

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, May 1. 1711.

MY Time is so little that I can spare upon the Subject of Trade, and the Scene so large, that I own, I can but touch at Things as I go; yet I cannot but bestow a few Lines upon the Subject of our Credit; a Thing I touch'd more largely when I thought it in some Danger, and say the less to it, now I think it secure.

I confess, I have thought one of the Pleasanteſt Things in the World, is to see Men struggling agalost themselves grow happy, by being defeated of their own Desires, Rich, by having their Interest Ruin'd, and safe, by having their own Measures Cross'd

and Disappointed.——To see them, like a Man in the Water that cannot swim, struggling to drown himself, and endeavouring to pull him under Water that comes to save him—— This, indeed, I take to be the Case of our high-Hat Gentlemen, that would fain have thrown the Heels of our Bank up, and with it have Ruin'd both it and themselves.

Those Gentlemen talk'd loud of Credit, but understood it so ill, that really a Man would rather have pitied them, than have laugh'd at them, because they had a great deal of Money at Stake to lose —— Did ever Men that had any Money in the Stock,
 Rise

strive so earnestly to Ruin that Stock, as these? Did ever Men that had a Cargo in the Ship, bore a Hole in the Bottom? — What wretched stuff was it, to hear these Men talk of Credit without Trade, and Banks without Money? And this has been all their Cry — It is true, Land is a Fund — Unhappy is the Examiner, to bestow so much Wit on so dull an Argument! *What makes Land a Fund?* Let any Man go back and Enquire what was Land in the Days of Henry I.? The Ground stood just where it does now; the sweet Dews of Heaven, the refreshing Showers, the warm Beams of the Sun, all invigorated the Earth as much, as constantly, and as seasonably as they do now — But where was the Fund? — What was the Rent? Where the Improvement? — Alas for the Ignorance of our Men of Learning! — *Land is a Fund!* But what had your Land been without Trade? Go dig your Lead-Mines in Wales, and turn them all into Silver, as Sir H. M. has done into Droß, and see how Rich you will be; shear your Sheep, and see what you will do with the Wooll; Till Trade brought you Gold and Silver, and fetch'd away your Manufactures, found Vent for the Produce, and Labour for your People, What was all your Wealth? — Your Natives must have wander'd Abroad, and been *Hirelings and Maults for Europe, as the Swift are to this Day*: Your Gentry and Nobility might have been Kings and Princes at Home, and the poor People Drones and Slaves — But where had been your Fund? Where your Wealth? — *It is Trade* has made your Commons Rich, your Merchants Numerous, your Poor able to maintain themselves: *It is Trade* has made you Great, Strong, Terrible Abroad, and bulie at Home: *It is Trade* has kept your People from wandring like *Vagabonds* on the Face of the Earth; People Consume the Produce, Trade has fill'd you with People, the Produce raises the Rent, and the Rent makes the Land a Fund; mark the Climax — Your Land might go a begging but for Trade; and for the Landed Men to rail at Trade, is like the Members Mutinying against the Belly — 'Tis

from Trade as the Magazine, that Land receives its Value and Life — *Land is a Fund of Wealth*, that's true; but Trade is the Fund of Land, from your Trade, springs your Land's Weath — Let such Men but View the Land in other Countries; What was the Land in Barbadoes good for, when the Island was, unpossess'd by us? — It was as Rich as now, the Fund was there — But that Trade gave that Fund a Value — It was a Fund and no Fund — A Fund of nothing; and take Trade from that Island now, with all its Wealth, and what will it be good for still? Will it Feed and Employ 60000 *Negroes*, &c. in a Place of but 25 Leagues round?

Stop but Trade in England, and see what your Lands will soon come to! — Let no more Cloaths or Stuffs be made, or in general, no more Wooll spun, except for private Use; no more Ships built, no more Correspondence with Foreign Nations, no Exportation or Circulation — And let any Man but imagin what a State this Nation will soon be in! — The Poor would eat up the Rich, the Land would not feed the Multitude; your Rich Trading and Encroaching Neighbours, would hire and Entertain all your Youth, who would fly to them for Bread, and being Arm'd by them, would come back and Conquer you; your Provisions, of course, would fail, *that failing*, Rents of Lands must fall — Customs, Excises, and Taxes, would fail of course, all your Subsidies must lie upon Land, your Gentry would sink, a Thousand Pounds a Year in Land wou'd not be worth a Hundred, and Where then is your Landed Fund?

I blush for the Ignorance of those Men, that would condemn Trade to raise Land — No, no, Gentlemen, if you will have Land be a Fund, you must Encourage Trade; Land and Trade are like the Monster of Glasgow, of which I have often spoken, on another Occasion; it had one Body from the Navel downwards, but two Bodies from the Navel upwards — They had different Hands to Work, different Heads to Contrive, and, *no doubt*, different Souls to Direct; they receiv'd Nourishment two different Ways, and had two Stomachs to digest

digest, but they had but one pair of Legs to walk with, one Belly to receive and vent, one Receptacle; and from hence it follow'd that they had but one and the same Life.

The Foolish Creature would sometimes, just like our Landed Men and Trading Men, Quarrel with itself; one Side would be for going this Way, and the other that, an Evidence it had two Wills — And *What was the Consequence?* why the Legs were fain to stand still till the Heads were agreed, for there being but one pair of Feet, and the Locomotive Faculty receiving its orders from the Will — and there being two Wills, till they concurr'd, the Legs were perfectly Useless.

Would to God our People would consider how apt this Creature was form'd to describe our Case; Really, good People, if Trade and Land, which are the Wealth of this Nation, are divided and differ, the whole Body will soon stand still — And this, like the Circulation in the Body, will throw the whole into Apoplexies, dead Palsies, and every Mortal Disease.

Wretched Folly! Land despise Trade! and Trade set up against Land! — Can any Thing be more absurd? Is not Trade the Nurse of Land? And is not Land the Nourishment of Trade? Does not Land supply the Materials of Trade? And does not Trade enable the Land to supply these Materials? Land produces Wool, Corn, Cattle, Timber, Hemp, Metals, and Minerals; Trade produces a Market for all these, gives a Price to them, brings Home Silver to Circulate that Trade, and feeds the People: — To rake off these Provisions at a Price, and by this, Land lives — What would Land be without it?

The Monster I tell you of, was really born at, or near *Glasgow*, and liv'd many Years in that unhappy Conjunction — Came at last to this miserable End — And is an Emblem to our purpose in its End, as it was in its Life; one of the Bodies died before the other — *What was to be done then?* What Course to be taken to preserve the Living Part? — Indeed nothing — No, — Nature had it not

in her Power, Art could give no help, the Living Body was ty'd fast to the Dead — It mourn'd, it griev'd, it wept, it struggled, it pin'd, but *it could not be*; the Mortification convey'd itself on gradually to the Living Part, it Languish'd, and became a Carcass by meer Natural Consequence.

Let your Landed Men that would crush our Trade, take the Hint — Whenever Trade dies, Land will, of course, feel the beginnings of Death — Land will pine, fade, Languish, and at last, die into its Original Poverty, and its meer Native Condition.

Trade then, is the Life of the Land's Wealth, and Land will be no Fund without it; and those People that think to make Land a Fund, must cherish Trade to support the Value or Rent of Land, or they destroy that Fund themselves.

I cannot but turn this Argument a little upon our selves, who seem at this Time to neglect that great Branch of our Trade for which I have been so long Pleading, and which, after this, I purpose to say no more to, I mean the *African Trade*: It is not for me to complain of the frequent Adjournments and delays of hearing which have happen'd in that Case, no doubt the House have Reasons for that; but this I think, I may venture to say — That if that Trade be not one Way or other settled by *Parliament* this Time, not all the *Parliaments* that ever shall sit while this is a Nation, shall ever be able to settle it hereafter, but by Force of Arms, and a War with some of our Neighbours, with whom, perhaps, it will not be our Interest to make War.

If the Company are left to Languish and die, if their Factors and Chiefs are oblig'd to abandon the Coast and quit their Forts for want of Subsistence; if in short, they can no longer maintain their Ground there, the Company not being able to support them, as I think it is no Reflection upon them to say they cannot — They are the next Moment in Possession of the *Dutch*; nor can you blame the *Dutch* for taking Possession, or demand them to be restor'd upon any future Settlement of the Trade; for when
you

you have once quitted the Possession, they are as Lawfully the Possession of another Nation, as they were ever ours.

Now therefore is the Time, and now the only Time—— The Company too plainly confess they cannot go on thus any longer; indeed it cannot be possible they should; a dying Life can never exist long; when the Spirits are Exhausted, how should the Body live? The Company with the *Separate Traders* left free, is like a Body with Horse-leeches fastned to it, and left to suck the Blood out of its Veins; to bid the Creature live and not take the Leeches off, is to bid Water burn, or Fire freeze, or to bid the *Glasgow Monster* live, when it was fastned to Death.

If the Trade then is left but this one Season more unsettled, let the Nation for hereafter say they had such a Trade, and let them recover it again if they can; and let the *Separate Traders* tell us, if they will pretend to carry it on, or restore it to us? — This, I hope the *Parliament* will consider, as a Thing of as much Consequence to this Nation in Proportion to its bulk, as any Thing before them; if it should be left

unsettled, it is not for me to say *what Blame*, or *where*, will lie, for the Loss; but this will for ever be true—— And may be written on the Grave of the Company.

Here lies Interr'd the Royal African Trade, which died of a Consumption by Neglect of her Physicians, in the 1st, Session of the Third Parliament of Queen Ann. Annoq; Dom. 1711.


THE Gentleman who wrote a Letter to the Author of this Paper, desiring to meet with him, Sign'd W. G. is desir'd to leave Directions either at the Printer or Publishers, how an Answer may be directed to him.

THE Persons who sent a Letter to the Author of this Paper Sign'd A. B. on the Subject of the late Prophecies, are desir'd to leave Directions, if they please, how an Answer may be left for, or sent, or directed to them, or to any one, so as they may receive it; in which they may have full Satisfaction to their Objection in the said Letter.

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